

THE Converted Catholic.

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.—Luke xxii., 32.

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THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Specially designed for the enlightenment of
Roman Catholics and their conversion
to Evangelical Christianity.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE READ IN THE GOSPEL OF JOHN XII: 41: "Among the chief rulers also many believed on Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess, lest they should be put out of the synagogue: for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." This is true of the priests and other intelligent minds in the Roman Catholic Church to-day. They believe in Christ as the Son of God who came on earth to save the people from their sins. But they are afraid to confess Christ as the only Saviour and Mediator lest they should be put out of the Church, dishonored by family and friends, and should suffer the loss of all things that the heart naturally loves. God would give them a new heart and raise up friends for them, but this is yet a theory with them; they have not yet made the trial of faith, they do not know how to trust His promises that He will care for them. The flesh struggling against the spirit keeps them in the Church of Rome. They love the praise of men more than the praise of God. They would have to give up so much that the heart loves that they shrink from confessing Christ.

A DESPATCH FROM MADRID, AUGUST 15, 1889, says a petition signed by 800 persons, including archbishops, bishops and priests, has been sent to the Pope asking him to honor the name of Christopher Columbus with the title "Venerable." It would be a graceful act on the part of the Pope to make Columbus a "Saint" during the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The Roman Catholics in this country are losing faith in the old saints and do not pray to them. Some brand new ones are wanted, and Columbus would do as well as another.

THE SPRINGFIELD, MASS., "REPUBLICAN," August 17, 1889, says: "There is a set of Irishmen in this country who never did know what it is to be a good American citizen." All such Irishmen are good Roman Catholics, and the "set" includes nearly all the Irish Roman Catholics in the United States. If there are any exceptions we shall be glad to hear from them.

HISTORY PROVES THE TRUTH OF THE statement that from Apostolic times to the present the truth of the Gospel has risen from the ranks of the common people to the more cultured. Constantine's acceptance of Christianity was a great event for the Roman Church, but corruption in doctrine that made the Word of God of no effect quickly followed. In the last generation the Church of Rome aimed at the "conversion" of the educated class in England, and when a few noblemen and ministers followed Drs. Newman and Manning "over to Rome" the Papists shouted for joy that England was going to return to Rome. But England is still Protestant.

MANY ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE WILL commend themselves to our readers—the opening chapter of Father Connelan's reasons for leaving the Church of Rome, and Rev. Dr. Hamilton Magee's comments on his case in the *Christian Irishman*; Mr. Needham's deeply interesting story about Father Flynn, which we are happy to announce will be published in book form; the good work in Biddeford; Dr. McGlynn's lecture on Father Lambert's case; Paul Le Clair on "Matrimony," etc., etc.

THE FRIENDS WHO ARE IN ARREARS for this year's subscription are paying up very slowly. It would relieve us very much if they could be induced to hurry up. Before Mr. Brophy, "S. R. C."—whatever those letters mean—"puts a stop" to us, we would like to have all those arrears paid, in order that we in turn might pay the expenses of the magazine.

DURING OUR VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND last month it was our privilege to attend Mr. Moody's Conference at Northfield, Mass., and the Conference for Bible Study at Crescent Beach, near Boston. We also preached in the Congregational Church at Dover, N. H., besides helping our good brother Motte in his work at Biddeford.

"FATHER FLYNN" WILL SHORTLY APPEAR in a new dress. The author, Rev. Geo. C. Needham, consents to the publication of this instructive story in book form. An enterprising Chicago publisher will issue it in handsome style. Copies can be had at this office. Orders may be sent in immediately.

CONVERTS FROM ROME.

CONVERSION OF A MEXICAN PRIEST.

FERNANDO DE LA ROCHA, by the grace of God, called to the Gospel of Christ, to all who read this, has the honor to state: "For some time past, having reflected deeply upon the abnormal condition and decay of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, I realized, in the light of such reflection and in view of suggestions made to me, the necessity and duty of separating myself from a church which had everthing save a Christian spirit. And if it lacks that, what remains? The struggle that I have sustained during all that time has been that of a true Spartan, a Titanic struggle, valiant and, above all, efficacious, resulting in the triumph of light against darkness, of truth against error. In this spiritual conflict I have chosen to save my Christian belief and my honor which go to constitute a worthy man, and I have followed the most prudent and judicious course, allying myself, in good faith, and because of my convictions, to the evangelical church, of which I am now a member on probation.

"I have taken this step because my faith was shaken; because in view of the unfortunate condition of the Roman Church and the reign of corruption and ignorance which weighs down alike upon the people, and upon a stupid, avaricious, egotistical and voluptuous clergy, I felt that I should preserve my dignity as a man, and avoid falling into the pit of all the vices. To my aid came a regenerating idea, an intimate conviction, clamoring in my conscience, 'Fly! Fly! Fly!' 'Come out of her that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive

not of her plagues.' And in the desolation of my spirit, in the abasement of all my being, in the confusion and terror with which the abominable condition of the Roman Church has inspired me, I have knocked at the doors of the Methodist Episcopal Church for regeneration in Christ, for instruction, for the bettering of myself that I might become useful to society and to my fellow men. God be praised that I can recover for myself the honor long lost. I have to-day been rescued, thanks to the friendly arms which have received me and led me to the Lord Jesus, friends in whose favor I desire to pass all the days of my life, and with whom I wish from now on to identify myself.

"I have not reached this decision through any suggestion, nor has my act been based upon any low design for lucre or for worldly advancement, but it has been the result of firm and irrevocable conviction. Voluntarily having left the tutelage of Rome, I invite all who participated, and do now participate, in that belief to linger no longer in that shameful course of darkness that encircles the world.

"As a legitimate consequence of my voluntary separation, which I now publicly avow without fear or trembling, the lightning of Roman tribunals will fall upon me to annihilate me, to defame me; but I had already been sufficiently contaminated for belonging to a communion which was corrupt to the core.

"In good faith and conscience I have labored and I have been deceived in Romanism. But now I lift my eyes to the true God in recognition of my

wanderings, which had carried me far from the pathway as traced in the Gospel. I now turn my gaze on Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, in which manner I hope to serve the only true God, complying with all that is written in the law and the prophets.

“FERNANDO DE LA ROCHA.

“Mexico, May 10, 1889.”

Rev. John W. Butler, D. D., the zealous Methodist missionary who has labored in Mexico for many years, says of the foregoing letter and its author:

“This is the translation of a letter just written by a convert from the Roman priesthood Mr. Rocha is in his prime —forty years old. His education is far above that of the average priest in Mexico. He has been meditating this step for a long while, and months before ever we knew him personally we heard of his attempts to preach the Gospel in the church where he was curate, about twenty miles from Mexico City. We have received him only as a probationer in the church, and assisted him to secure scholars who desire to study Spanish. If he stands the test and should prove to have ‘gifts and graces’ he will probably be taken into our Mission as a worker. Pray for him and let your readers see his story. Scores of the priests in Mexico are going through the same kind of struggles, but are afraid of hunger and persecution.”

And we may add that scores and hundreds of priests in the United States are in the same condition, bearing the ills they have rather than fly to those they know not of. But the brave spirits among them will come out of Rome in larger numbers when they see how many are leading the way.

Secession of an English Priest.

The Rev. A. Jerome P. Matthews, for the past two years a Roman Catholic priest at St. Mary's, Bath, has addressed the following letter to the members of his congregation:

TO THE MEMBERS OF ST. MARY'S CONGREGATION, BATH:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have to make an announcement which will be painful alike to yourselves and to me. It shall be very brief, for if it is sad to me to part from you, it will be still sadder for you to learn the cause. After long and anxious thought and study I have arrived at the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church has no claim to be regarded as a divinely constituted authority; that the Papacy is a human institution, gravely compromised to error and superstition, and, therefore, injurious to the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind. . . . With these convictions, which I have striven against for a long time without success, it would be dishonest for me to continue as a priest. I therefore this day return to our excellent and kind bishop the sacerdotal faculties entrusted to me by his lordship. I retire from the midst of you with a heart full of kindness and gratitude to you all. All the confidences, spiritual and temporal, of my ministry will be faithfully observed. As soon as I can get my house off my hands I shall leave it, as my continued presence close to the church would be a painful reminder to us both of a past full of happiness until doubt agitated my mind. These doubts I have been careful not to unfold to any one of you, and I have provided for you the ministry of worthy priests ignorant of my mental conflict. With a sad and lov-

ing heart, then, I commend you, my dear and valued friends, to the Eternal Father of Spirits, and let us ever remember one another in the presence of the All Holy One.

Bidding you all a sorrowful farewell,
I remain always affectionately yours,

ARNOLD JEROME P. MATTHEWS.
2 Burlington street, Bath, July 9, 1889.

Mr. Matthews was ordained by Archbishop Eyre at Glasaow in 1876. His work as a priest has been chiefly at Plymouth and other places in the West of England, with the exception of some time passed in missionary labors near Newcastle-on-Tyne. A correspondent says: "Mr. Matthews is an excellent preacher and able controversialist. We understand that he intends seeking a Unitarian pulpit."—*London Daily News.*

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Rome and the Public Schools.

Colonel F. X. Schoonmaker, of Plainfield, N. J., is a member of the State Board of Education, and on that account he was invited to address the high school graduates the last week in June. The exercises were in Music Hall, which was packed. He talked on the Catholic parochial school system. He said the visible head of the Church of England was Queen Victoria, and if the Episcopal Church in America were to ally itself to the Church of England and were to establish schools teaching that Queen Victoria was the power to whom the people of the country owed allegiance the American people would arise and annihilate the Episcopal Church. Yet England has kinship to America, while Italy has not.

The Papacy, he said, was the temporal power of the Roman Catholic

Church and of these parochial schools, and as long as the pupils are taught to bow to a foreign monarch so long had the State a right to interfere and protect itself against the foreign invasion conflicting with the Constitution, the Government and the rights of the American people. No person in the United States had a right to teach others to bestow tempore allegiance on any power but that of the United States, and it was time for our Government to assert itself. For the State Board of Education he said he had a proposal to make.

"It is now," he said, "made public for the first time, and in Plainfield because it was originally a Plainfield idea. A great many of the Roman Catholic priesthood themselves object to the establishing of parochial schools, yet they have to establish them because so commanded. They have taken a vow of obedience to the decrees of the Church and are obliged to do what they are told as long as it is not illegal. If the maintenance of parochial schools were made illegal these priests would not be asked to keep up the institutions, and the State Board proposes to ask the New Jersey Legislature to submit to the people for their adoption an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the establishing of any school or system of schools that shall take away from the public schools any pupils who, by either State law, compulsion, or personal preferment, would otherwise attend them."

The speech was the cause of great comment in Plainfield, for it is only during the past year that a parochial school has been opened there, and the children of Roman Catholic parents withdrawn from the public schools.

FATHER O'CONNOR IN BIDDEFORD, MAINE.

[Biddeford "Times," August 12, 1889.]

REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR, editor of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, New York, spoke to three audiences here Sunday. In the morning he supplied the pulpit at the Saco Methodist Church, and in the afternoon and evening spoke in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Many who attended expected that his addresses would be a violent attack on the Papacy, but in this they were mistaken.

He is a very clear, pleasant speaker, and his addresses are not at all in the line of indiscriminate denunciation. He devotes his time mainly to enlightening Catholics regarding the Christian religion, and does not raise their anger by condemning priests and everybody else who follow the teachings of the Pope. His evening address was for the benefit of the converted Catholics of Biddeford, who recently organized a church here. He spoke highly of Rev. Mr. Motte's work in Biddeford and elsewhere.



[Biddeford "Journal," August 12, 1889.]

Father O'Connor, a converted Roman Catholic priest, and the editor of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, preached at the Saco Methodist Church Sunday forenoon, and at the Y. M. C. A. hall, Biddeford, in the afternoon and evening. Each of the services were well attended. Father O'Connor, as he is still called, is one of the most prominent anti-Romanist workers in the country, yet his manner of work is widely different from others engaged in the work who have been here.

He argues against Romanism and its effects, earnestly but calmly, and

avoids saying anything to purposely stir up such bitter feelings upon the part of the Catholics as have been manifested on former occasions.

At last evening's lecture he took for his text Matthew xvi: 13-20. His sermon was argumentative, and he sought to prove by a close examination of the Scriptures that these verses contained nothing to justify the Catholic faith in Peter as the rock on which the Church was built.

He argued that Christ did not say the He would build His Church upon Peter, but "upon this rock," referring to Peter's confession—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Upon that confession of faith was every Church of Christ built, said Father O'Connor, and only by such a confession could any church be entered.

The sermon was an able argument against the foundation of the Catholic faith, aggressive, yet not needlessly offensive. It was more in the line of a "doctrinal" sermon than a denunciation of Romanism.

It was prefaced by brief remarks by the speaker concerning his own experience since leaving the Roman Catholic Church. C. C. Tibbets presided over the meeting, and Rev. G. J. Motte, who was sent here by Father O'Connor, assisted in the service. He said it was with great pleasure he came to Biddeford to help Mr. Motte, the French converted priest, who had been with him in New York for three months last Spring, and who was now doing a good work here for his Canadian brethren. Mr. Motte should be encouraged and aided by every Christian and lover of our American institutions.

SERMON ON PETER AND THE ROCK.

Father O'Connor chose for his subject, "Peter and the Rock," taking for his text Matthew xvi: 18—"Thou art Peter, and upon thy rock I will build my Church." He said the claim was made by the Roman Catholic Church that these words of our Lord meant that the Church of Christ was founded upon Peter, who thus became not only the foundation, but also the head of the Church. The clear interpretation of this text did not substantiate this claim. The Church was built upon the confession of Peter—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus had asked His disciples "Whom say ye that I am?" And Peter answered in this confession, and was blessed for it, even as every one who makes the same confession is blessed. Whosoever shall confess that Christ is the Son of God shall be presented to the Father by the Lord Jesus Christ as a member of His Church—"I shall confess him before my Father in heaven." Such a confession is not made naturally, but by supernatural grace. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee," said Christ to Peter, "but my Father who is in heaven." To confess Christ and to believe in Him is the gift of God, and by such a confession salvation comes to mankind.

The Church was not built on Peter personally; if he had been the foundation it would have given way when he subsequently denied his Lord. The faith of Peter, revealed to him by God, was the rock on which the Church was built, his faith and confession of it rendering him acceptable to God, as the same faith and confession by every human being will be accounted a

blessing. Wherever persons with this faith are found, there is the Church of Christ. The word Church (ecclesia) means an assembly of the faithful. There may be a "church" of those who have no faith in Christ, but the "Church" the Lord Jesus referred to is composed of those who make the same confession of faith in Him that Peter so simply and sublimely expressed in these words. Individual members compose the Church; they are the children of God, not by their own natural endowments, nor of the will of man, but of God. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works," says the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians.

If Christ intended to found His Church upon Peter He surely would have said, "Thou art Peter, and upon thee I will build my Church." He does not say this, and the other Apostles could not so understand Him.

The power of binding and loosing given to Peter was not committed to him alone. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we read that Jesus said to all His disciples, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The same commission is given to all the disciples in the Gospel of John xx: 23. This power is declarative and not judicial, and all the disciples of Christ had this power. When a sinner repents and confesses Christ, in sincerity and in truth, he is loosed from his sins, forgiven and absolved by the merits of Christ as if he never sinned, and every true Christian, every child of God can declare to that repentant believing sinner that he is forgiven.

It is an imposition upon the people for the Church of Rome to declare that this power was vested solely in Peter, and that he transmitted it to his so-called successors, the Pope, bishops and priests. Peter himself disclaimed all lordly, priestly pretensions when he said to Cornelius who knelt before him, "Stand up, for I myself also am a man."

We have no reason to believe that the Apostles erected a tribunal of private confession and absolution, as the priests of Rome have done, and forced every man, woman and child to confess to them. We know from the Bible record that they did not. In their sermons and addresses they did not tell the multitude to go to the disciples for the pardon of their sins. On the contrary they preached "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" In Apostolic times, as now, when persons who had been received in the Church fell into sin they could be restored to their standing in the Church on showing satisfactory evidence of reformation. This power was exercised by the Apostles before the assembled Church. Paul says in his Epistle to Timothy, "Them that sin, rebuke before all, that others may fear." If the ear of God can be reached by the repentant sinner only through a Roman Catholic priest, what becomes of the person who has not access to such a priest? The shipwrecked sailor alone on the deep, and the traveller lost in the heart of Africa, by faith in Christ, the confession that Peter made, can cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and while he is yet calling the good God who sent His Son into the world to redeem the souls of men will answer, "I forgive thee for my Son's sake."

ROMANISM IN BIDDEFORD.

[Biddeford "Journal," August 14, 1889.]

Father O'Connor, the converted priest, who has been in Saco and Biddeford since Sunday, evidently resolved to forfeit the reputation for mildness, which he gained by his first lectures. In the presence of a large audience in the Young Mens' hall, he last night devoted considerable of his time and attention to Romanism in this city, severely attacking it.

He read for his text Romans x, and after speaking at length upon Paul's conversion, dwelt upon the special interest which that Apostle always seemed to manifest in the conversion of his own nationality.

Father O'Connor said that like Paul, he could say that the desire of his heart toward Roman Catholics was "that they might be saved." In his own case this special interest in the salvation of one class was, he said, as natural as in Paul's. He was an Irishman by birth, and he had been a Roman Catholic. Paul testified to the zeal of the Jewish people in serving God, and he also could testify to the religious zeal and sincerity of the Catholics.

He referred to their attendance at church, even in the early morning. They go there to meet God and to gain His favor by the sacrifice of their comfort. Their zeal is misplaced, for God is not in their churches anymore than he is in the home or the workshop. The Apostle Paul says there is no difference as to race or family, "for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." All are of one great human family, whether American, English, Irish, French or German. Let none despise

the Roman Catholics, for those who can proudly trace their ancestry back to the days of the Pilgrims should remember that England itself bowed to Rome and the Pope, and that England even furnished one of the Popes. Let the Irishmen within hearing of my voice remember the historical fact that Rome was once ruled by an English Pope, and that it was then and by him that Ireland was enslaved and put under the curse from which she is suffering to-day. It is a historical fact that cannot be disputed that Nicholas Breakspear became Pope of Rome, that he was an Englishman, that in 1172 he made a compact with Henry II. and sold Ireland unto English rule, with the stipulation that every Irish family should pay tribute of one penny to the Pope. Let Irishmen remember this, and let Ireland cry to-day not for home rule, but against Rome rule.

After speaking for a few minutes upon the superstitions of Roman Catholics in regard to the power of the priests he produced a slip of paper which he said had been cut from the Biddeford *Journal*, and devoted his attention to the recent trouble between Father Harrington and Daniel Shuckrow. Reading from the slip in his hand the facts of the trouble as they were developed at the trial he said: "Daniel Shuckrow went to the church that Sunday morning to attend mass, and he found Father Harrington sitting at the table in the entry collecting money from those who entered, like the money changers whom Christ scourged from the Temple when He was on earth.

"Mr. Shuckrow went to the mass because he honestly believed the priest could, by consecrating a wafer, bring

down God. Who can ascend into heaven and bring down God? 'No one,' says Paul. I can, says the priest, and the Roman Catholic believes him and goes to mass. If Mr. Shuckrow, being in good health, had stayed away from mass that morning—if he had spent the day with his family and neglected mass, his religion tells him that he would have been damned, and if he had died that day his soul would have gone to sheol.

"Father Harrington tells the court that the bishop owns the church, that it is deeded to him and that he had a few months ago made it a rule that every person attending mass should pay ten cents.

"The bishop does own the church. I know that every Roman Catholic Church is owned by some bishop. They have a clear title to the property; they can and do raise money upon it any time they wish. They can sell the church if they so wish, and not a man—not a servant girl who has helped to build it with her earnings can help it. Bishop Healy, owning this church, puts Father Harrington over the parish and gives him so many hundred dollars a year and board to collect ten cents from such persons attending certain masses. And Daniel Shuckrow comes in to attend mass, and the priest, that man who can bring Jesus down by simply consecrating a wafer, demands ten cents of him, and because Mr. Shuckrow does not have ten cents he pushes him from the church. Mark what a hard case was Mr. Shuckrow's. If he did not go to mass he was to be damned. He could not go unless he paid ten cents, and as he did not have ten cents he was damned anyhow.

"I hear that Mr. Shuckrow had in

three years, from his hard earnings, paid \$47 into the church, besides having a pew; but Father Harrington pushes him out, tells the court that the bishop owns the church, and your judge says 'that's right; do it again.'

"In New York there are dime museums where you pay your ten cents at the door to see the fat woman and the snake charmer and the skeleton man, and I cannot see the difference between Bishop Healy's rule for the morning mass and the dime museums.

"The bishop does own the church; it is his property; there is no question about that. Out in Chicago, when I was a priest there, I know that Father Hallyon, the administrator of the diocese before Bishop Foley was appointed, raised \$20,000 upon the church property before he went away from the city, and I know of another case where Bishop O'Regan, a former bishop of Chicago, raised \$60,000 upon his churches before removing to England. Bishop Healy owns this church as much as any of you own property. You pay taxes, but he doesn't; it is his property, not the property of a corporation, nor a church of the people; the people built it, but he owns it and it is not taxed; but I would raise a row about that question if I were a tax-payer in Biddeford. Ask any intelligent Roman Catholic in the city if Bishop Healy owns this church and he will say no; but is it a fact that he does?

"This is a serious thing, not only for the Roman Catholics, but for the people of Biddeford. If they let this thing pass it will only be the beginning of greater things yet to come. These things grow little by little. This slow growth is going on all over the country,

and by and by when the American people do get their eyes open they will find that it is too late. The Roman Catholics do not like this bondage, and it is our duty to overcome prejudices and superstition and show them how they stand. They are worse off to day than the black slaves were thirty years ago. They were free to think, but not so with the Roman Catholics; for them to think, for them to doubt, they believe means for them to be damned. It is said that he who would be free should strike the first blow for liberty; but it is hard to ask a Roman Catholic to strike a blow at the faith in which he has been reared, while the American people allow themselves to be trampled upon by the same power. It is easy enough for you Americans to say to the Roman Catholic, 'Do you believe in the foolish superstitions of this Church which is ruled by an old Italian?' But first ask yourselves why you submit to seeing your institutions enslaved by the power of this same Church.

"When I was a Roman Catholic I was sincere; I was just as sincere when kneeling in prayer before the Virgin Mary as I am now when I kneel in my closet; and so were you my converted Roman Catholic brethren. We were in error then, but as we are in the right now let us labor to convert other Roman Catholics who are just as sincere as we were. It is better to convert them by the Gospel of Christ than by the sword. I am no 'seventh son of a seventh son,' but I think I can prophecy to-night that if you neglect to convert them by the Gospel of Christ you will have to draw your sword against them in defence of your liberty and country."

MUST PAY TO HEAR MASS.

[Biddeford, Me., "Journal," July 29, 1889.]

REV. FATHER HARRINGTON, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Elliott this morning for assault and battery upon complaint of Daniel Shuckrow, one of his parishioners.

The trial was held at the Municipal Court room at 10.30, lawyer B. F. Hamilton appearing for the defendant, and E. J. Cram for the complainant. Lawyer Hamilton waived the reading and pleaded not guilty. Mr. Shuckrow took the stand and related the circumstances of the occurrence. He said that he went to 7.30 mass and found Father Harrington sitting at a table in the entry. He started to pass in and Father Harrington asked him for ten cents. He replied that he owned a pew and that he would not pay, and Father Harrington told him that he could not go in unless he paid ten cents. He attempted to pass him and Father Harrington seized him by the vest and pushed him out of the church. He did not attempt to go in again, but began to look for City Marshal Tarbox, intending to enter a complaint against the priest, but could not find him.

In the cross-examination he claimed that he owned some of the church, having always paid money towards its support, and that he had a right to go to any of the masses in spite of the bishop's rules. In conclusion he remarked that he did not think there was much religion in throwing a man like himself out of the church he had always attended.

Rev. J. N. Harrington next took the stand. He testified:

"I am assistant pastor at St. Mary's; Rev. John Brady is pastor; the bishop of the diocese owns the church; it is deeded to him. A rule was passed by him three months ago that ten cents should be collected from every person who attended the 7.30 or 9 o'clock masses; have written instructions at my house to that effect. Sunday morning I was sitting at the table for the purpose of collecting ten cents from those who attended the morning mass. There had been about 300 in all, and all but two paid; one man who had no money had gone in, and one lady asked to be excused and had entered. Mr. Shuckrow came in and I asked him for ten cents; he refused to pay, saying that he owned a pew. I told him that he could not go in unless he did pay. He insisted upon passing me and I took him by the collar and pushed him over the steps; he used force to pass me, and I used the physical force necessary to put him out. I told him at least three times that he could not go in unless he paid."

Cross-examined: "I did not strike him, certainly not. He did not attempt to come in again; I don't think he would have dared to. This ten cent tax for the morning masses is to liquidate a debt of some \$1,300. The debt is on church and parsonage both; about \$800, I think, is upon the parsonage. I have been here three years. There was never such a rule in this parish until three months ago since I came here. All pay unless some who cannot afford to and are excused. The rule was made at the suggestion of myself and the pastor, Father Brady. The different masses are for the accommodation of the congregation, the

church not being large enough to accomodate the whole parish at one service. A person who wished to attend the 7.30 and 9 o'clock masses would have to pay ten cents at each. The masses are attended by 700 or 800 people. At the 10.30 mass any pew-holder can attend without paying anything. The rental of a pew entitles him to free attendance at this mass only. Mr. Shuckrow has caused me no trouble before."

Peter McCuen, sexton of the church, witnessed the occurrence, and his testimony was the same as that of Father Harrington.

The arguments of counsel were very brief, and Judge Hamilton gave his decision to the effect that it had been shown that the proper powers had passed a rule that parishioners should pay ten cents to attend certain masses. That it devolved upon Father Harrington to enforce that rule, and that in Mr. Shuckrow's case he had done so, using only such force as was necessary, and that there was, therefore, no assault. The defendant was accordingly discharged.

Tracts for Distribution.

"Sketch of Father O'Connor's Life;" 32 pages.

"Portrait of Mary in Heaven, drawn from Holy Scripture;" 32 pages.

"Difficulties of Roman Catholic Priests;" 16 pages.

"The Crucified Jesus and the Penitent Thief," by Father Chiniquy; 22 pages.

These are excellent tracts for distribution. We will send a package of 10 of each for 50 cents, or 25 of each for \$1.00. Address all orders to this office.

The Nun of Kenmare.

An influential English newspaper, the *Guardian*, in its review of the "Autobiography of the Nun of Kenmare," says the distinguished authoress is greatly in the wrong for "still calling herself a Roman Catholic." If the writer in the *Guardian* had been a reader of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* he would have known that the "Autobiography" had been written, every word of it, while the authoress was still a Roman Catholic and Mother-Superior of the Order of the Sisters of Peace. She was strictly accurate in calling herself a Roman Catholic while writing her book.

It was our privilege, after several months' correspondence, to welcome the Nun of Kenmare out of her convent in July, 1888. We had arranged to go to Englewood, N. J., the Summer residence of the Nun and her Sisters, and bring her to New York; but she wished to avoid all publicity, and a telegram from her July 9 informed us that she had already commenced her journey. We proceeded to Jersey City and there met her as she stepped from the cars and accompanied her to New York.

Five months later, while residing in Utica, N. Y., the Nun of Kenmare formally united with the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which she was a member before she became a Roman Catholic. At this writing she is living at Grimsby Park, Ontario, Canada, preparing a new work for the press. It will be her valedictory to Rome and a supplement to her "Autobiography." She has delivered many addresses in Canada for the last four months, and has been most cordially received by Protestants and even Catholics.

A PRIEST'S INQUIRY CONCERNING THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY REV. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

CHAPTER XI.**COMMOTION AND PEACE.**

Having enquired for a Protestant place of worship, Murtagh was directed to a church on one of the great avenues which leads from the business parts of the city to the beautiful famed Central Park. The morning was bright, the air refreshing, the street wide, clean and quiet. Traffic had ceased, and only the carriages of wealthy church-goers rolled along the concrete boulevard. Mr. Flynn enjoyed his freedom from the irksome responsibilities of a Papal priest, while now as a Christian priest he offered unto God the acceptable sacrifice of praise. This heart worship needed neither picture nor image to aid devotion; it was not necessary to enter spired church or vaulted cathedral to worship God with acceptance. Neither Jerusalem nor Mount Gerizim, neither lonely cloister nor consecrated chapel is holy ground. Nevertheless it is an instinct of regenerate souls, as also a Scriptural command, to observe the assembling of themselves together in the name of Jesus for united public worship, prayer and godly edification. Without analyzing his reasons for so doing, Murtagh felt it right to seek out some Christian Church where the Bible would be honored and its doctrines taught without the admixture of Rome's fallacious errors. He knew not, as yet, that many damnable heresies had found advocates among Protestants; that tenets more dangerous than Papistical traditions were openly preached by men who denied the Lord that bought them. Papal

preachers never repudiate the divinity of Jesus as some Protestants; indeed they gladly ascribe to Him His true and proper deity, and yet they dishonor Him by robbing Him of His rightful title as absolute and only Saviour. In paintings and statuary they represent Him either as a helpless babe in the arms of Madonna, or a dying Man on the cross. They have practically ceased to know the power of His resurrection. But there are professedly Protestant teachers of a school absolutely profane, to whom the Bible is only a human philosophy and Christ a humane reformer. Others there are who in theory accept the supernatural element both in the Bible and in Jesus, but who degrade the spirituality of its teachings, and the object of His advent, into a religion of culture. This they advocate as the potential agency for the elevation and purification of the world which lieth in wickedness. These regard the moral teachings of the Bible as an *eau de cologne* with which they endeavor to sweeten the foul drainage of moral corruption and thereby make the world respectable and Christian. This delusion has many votaries who do not perceive its logical consequences. It denies our Lord's legislation for his His own Kingdom, and mocks His protest against all reformatory measures as a qualification for that Kingdom. It was to a refined, respectable, cultured professor of religion Jesus declared. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

If this apparent digression tests the reader's patience, I hasten now to ex-

plain that Mr. Flynn, unfortunately, entered a church where regeneration was not preached, and where its very necessity was denied. Wealthy sinners had employed an aesthetic preacher whose mild platitudes fell soothingly upon sensitive ears and seared consciences. What a thunder-storm John the Baptist's sermon would prove to such a congregation were he to cry, "Repent, repent, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand." What an earthquake would his question produce were it uttered in their hearing—"Ye serpents, ye brood of vipers, who hath warned you to escape the damnation of hell?" Murtagh naturally expected in a Protestant Church a simple, spiritual service, such as he witnessed in Dublin, with the delicate courtesies born of real religion, such as Miss Somers had shown him. But in these two particulars he suffered disappointment. Novice though he was, he instinctively felt the incongruity of his position. Self-admiration, not worship, was the incense which arose from each devotee. Murtagh fancied himself in some magnificent grotto whose scintillating stalacities dimly reflected each rainbow color. He admired the costly architecture, but felt chilled to the marrow. The singing was utterly unintelligible, the prayers fell from icy lips, while the sermon was a fulsome adulation of a humanitarian book, with criticisms on the elevating influence of art in general and philosophical fiction in particular. The young convert sighed heavily over his misfortune; he came for bread and received bran. Oh, how he missed the precious Gospel of God's grace to sinners. He feared the fount of devotion would freeze within him.

He felt condemned in his conscience for his presence there, yet not knowing why; somehow, somewhere, his spiritual nature was outraged by every part of this travesty on spiritual religion. Being an ardent worshipper he had deep convictions that the living Father should be worshipped with the whole heart. He questioned within himself whether he could train his religious nature to appreciate this dismal unsatisfying Christianity. How can he petrify the emotions of his soul? Can he even reach that standard of piety where he could complacently enjoy the outrageous performances of this irreverent choir?

Having reached his room in a state of mental commotion he turned to his Bible for consolation. He had frequently proved its power to instruct and comfort. He now read from John's Gospel, twentieth chapter. With great force the words of the thirteenth verse impressed him. Speaking aloud, as was his habit, "The Lord forgive me," said he, "for being so uncharitable, but I fear this is true of the gilded sepulchre beyond, 'They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him.' Never once did the preacher mention the precious Name of the world's Redeemer. I formerly believed in miracles, now I've witnessed one; a Protestant clergyman performing divine service with Christ left out." Murtagh was deeply affected as he pondered on this inexcusable omission. But he found relief in prayer. He prayed for the preacher, for the congregation and for the choir, whose unbecoming antics in the sanctuary had shocked him; he prayed also for himself, long and earnestly, that his heart might be kept

warm toward Christ and that he lose not the things which he had gained. He arose from his knees comforted; the glowing atmosphere of communion with God re-kindled the fire of devotion within him; he had a new experience henceforth to warn him that churches as well as individuals may retain the form of godliness while lacking its power.

The Sunday following Murtagh entered unknowingly a ritualistic church. With a puzzled expression of countenance he enquired if this was a Protestant place of worship. His wonder did not cease when informed that it was High Church Episcopalian. Shrewdly guessing that might mean aesthetic Romanism he left the place, muttering: "I had enough of that fandango, only not so stylish. Bedad, it takes a mint of money to keep those priests in such slashing gowns. But didn't they whine. I've heard that holy tone is used by bishops and priests in Rome and England. The Lord help us, but it's a queer fashion; it reminds me of Bill O'Halloran's mule when singing to his companion."

When Murtagh had reached the sad described in the last chapter, he had made the acquaintance of several churches. Wherever the Word of God was faithfully expounded he rejoiced as one finding great spoil. But the shabbiness of his appearance made him shrink from contact with well-dressed people. Even, in his judgment, the churches in which he enjoyed the services were too gorgeous for the disciples of Jesus. Having spent a Sunday in the seclusion of his room he started for a walk in the evening when gas and electricity lighted up the streets. Soon he faced a bul-

letin board announcing a meeting in the adjoining hall, to which *Roman Catholics* were *specially invited*. The meeting would be addressed by *several converted priests*. Himself now, thank God, a converted Roman priest, he read the advertisement more than once with considerable emotional excitement. Seeing crowds of people ascending the stairway Murtagh joined them. He entered a spacious hall almost filled with a large congregation, most respectable in appearance and demeanor. Many of them were evidently Irish Catholics. On the platform were seated several gentlemen of clerical appearance. The leader, a man of refined classic features, with high forehead and full rich brown beard, wearing glasses, commenced the services by announcing the number of the hymn beginning:

"Jesus lover of my soul
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

He made a few comments on this grand old evangelical hymn, especially on the lines:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,"

"Where," said he, "is there room for Mary, or Joseph, or Leo XIII., if we find all our salvation and all our desire in Jesus?" To which Murtagh audibly responded, "Hear, hear," much to the surprise and amusement of the audience. The opening prayer fell soothingly upon our friend's ear, coming as a breath of life upon his soul.

The chairman next introduced Father L—, who briefly narrated his experiences. He had tested the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church by a careful comparison with Scripture and Church history. "Not one of them," said he, "could be supported by the Word of God." Father

L—— made a proper and important distinction between formal and vital Christianity. "You may," he continued, "remain a priest or become a Protestant and never enter heaven. None but sinners washed in the Blood of the Lord Jesus, who are saved by grace alone, can enter there." His declaration so fully accorded with Murtagh's own experience that the irrepressible man audibly responded, "Right you are, me honey."

Father Mc—— was next introduced to the audience. He was Murtagh's veritable counter-part, looking like a twin brother—rotund, pleasant-faced, emotional, determined. In a masterly manner he described and denounced the Confessional. It was while hearing the sad confession of a penitent he was first startled with the thought, that as a professed servant of the great God he had no adequate remedy to assuage the sorrows of a broken heart, or heal the wounded spirit. He had prayed with an honest purpose that God would teach him His way. How wonderfully the Holy Spirit works in the human heart? How accurate are the words of Jesus? "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine." Father Mc—— was led by a different path from others to the Cross of Christ, but there, like all sinners who come, he lost his load of sin, for he now trusted in Christ alone; who bore his sins in His own body on the tree. His address, which was chaste, scholarly and deeply earnest, made a visible impression on the audience. Murtagh's face was bathed in tears.

The converted priest who presided then reviewed his own life, dwelling especially on his consideration for his

relatives when entering upon this new path of discipleship. His remarks touched Murtagh on a tender spot; he thought of his sorrowing parents who were yet ignorant of his movements. When Father C—— called upon the audience to come forward and greet these servants of Christ who had left all to follow the Master, Murtagh could no longer forbear. Soon as he announced himself an ex-priest, Father C—— received him affectionately, enquiring into his circumstances; whether he had friends or found a home in the city; to all of which, and many more like questions, Murtagh replied honestly and manfully. Father C—— took the weary man to his home, where he was bidden sweet welcome for Christ's sake. When presented to Father C——'s good wife she gave him the tender welcome of a warm Christian Irish heart. During the hours which followed he seemed like a man enjoying a delightful dream, with the fear haunting him that it was only a dream soon to melt away. But the generous supper which Mrs. C—— spread for her husband and their guest was no dream; the Christian conversation around the table was no dream; the simple prayer mingled with thanksgiving offered by Father C—— before retiring was no dream; the clean sweet bedroom, the night robe, the delicate attentions shown the weary man who hungered for such Christian friendship and fellowship was too glorious a reality to permit immediate sleep. He indulged in his present joys and praised God for this open door of hope. It was some time before sweet oblivion sealed his faculties; some time before the slumber of the righteous, like a celestial visitor, hushed every emotion of exquisite pleasure into the peacefulness of sleep's tranquility.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

BY REV. THOS. CONNELLAN, LATE CATHOLIC CURATE, ST. PETER'S, ATHLONE, IRELAND.

PREFACE.

The following pages have been written only after much thought and hesitation. It is not an agreeable task for any man to lay bare his life to the gaze of the public. However, as various reasons have been assigned for my departure from Ireland, it would seem only fair that the public should learn what I have myself got to say on the subject. Every expedient has been tried by those who are nearest and dearest to me, to prevent the publication of the present work. I am perfectly well aware that it will probably be the means of severing me from those who are dearer to me than the apple of my eye. I cannot help it. I have set down nothing save my honest convictions, and he who is ashamed or afraid to proclaim his views is not, in my opinion, worth his salt. I am firmly persuaded that it is God's will that I should publish my story. Its success or failure will depend upon Him. For many years I have tried to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of the Almighty. I have experienced the smart of His chastening rod, and it will be a lesson to me for the rest of my life. If it is His will that my effort should "only make that foot-print upon sand, which old recurring waves of prejudice re-smooth to nothing," I shall be content. But if it should be God's will to make this story the means of shedding even a little light to relieve the worse than Egyptian darkness brooding over Ireland, then indeed I shall be pleased to "watch the sandy foot-print hardening into stone."

LONDON, New Year's Day, 1889.

CHAPTER I.

"Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it."

In my thirteenth year I was taken from my happy home in the west of Ireland, and given in charge to a religious brotherhood in a neighboring town. I well remember the drizzling October day when, in company with my father and an elder brother, I made the dreary journey. Hitherto I had enjoyed all the sweets of home life; had angled for trout in the winding river beside my father's residence; had tramped the neighboring moors in search of wild ducks' nests, or made summer peregrinations for bilberries to the adjacent mountain. It was a happy life, but, alas! all too brief. The wise ones of the neighborhood had marked me out for the priesthood. My relatives became elated at the thought. I was destined to shed renown upon my name and family. I was to return one day a full-blown ecclesiastic, to read mass and preach in the village chapel, before whose altar I worshipped as a boy, and a charter of respectability should ever after in possession of my family. So my good father harnessed his horse to the side-car, and took me to the nearest classical school, conducted, as I have stated, by a religious brotherhood. These men made the usual vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. They had come from France, and devoted their lives chiefly to the education of poor children. They had a higher school, presided over by a secular priest—they were not allowed to take

Orders themselves—and here I began my classical training. No life could possibly have been more distasteful to me. Hitherto I had led a kind of Bohemian existence, smarting occasionally under the rod, but, nevertheless, tasting all the sweets of freedom. Now I was cooped up from morning until night, poring over books until my head and eyes ached, or trying to cram into my brain interminable tales of miracles, martyrdoms and saintly intercessions, daily recited by the good brothers. To this day I experience a sensible sorrow when reading how the mustang, lured within range of the lasso, is torn from his native plains and brought under subjection. I presume it is a sort of fellow feeling which causes the sensation, for my lot was very similar. It became intolerable, so much so that I ran away from the seminary and, young as I was, tramped a dreary road of twenty miles to my home. My reception was anything but cordial. What! disgrace my family in the eyes of the parish. There is a ridiculous feeling among the Irish people, carefully nurtured by the Roman Catholic priesthood, that from the moment a boy takes a Latin grammar in his hand he is bound at all risks to go forward until the doors of the sanctuary close behind him. Should the unhappy candidate placed upon the road to Maynooth without any option of his own feel that the priesthood would not suit his taste, or that his virtues were not strong enough for a state theoretically so holy, the public is still inexorable. Should he bolt from the path he is universally set down as a scapegrace, from whom no good is expected, and the sooner he turns his face towards other lands the

better for himself. And thus I, a stripling in my thirteenth year, had been already marked out for the sanctuary. If I did not go forward to success it followed, as a logical sequence, that I was a scamp, an outcast, and my family would be disgraced by my conduct; so I was sent back to my classics, and the brothers' pious fables, feeling, like the mustang, that the pack was on my back and must be borne.

Three years I passed in the seminary at Sligo. On the whole they were happy years. This gradually decaying town has a charming situation, with high hills upon three sides and the sea on the fourth. To me, at least, a run over the hills, or a day upon the dark blue waters of Lough Gill, was compensation for weeks of study. From Sligo I was transferred to the diocesan college at Athlone, a kind of half-way house on the road to Maynooth. The only recollection I have of this place is, that after the first few weeks I found my spirit so broken that, like Smike at Dotheboys Hall, I yielded to despair. There was a maximum of study and fresh air combined with a minimum of solid food. The good man who presided over the establishment was not responsible for this. No doubt the students, myself included, believed he was. In this we were mistaken, however, and a little more experience of the diocese satisfied me that the bishop alone was responsible. The course of education in Summerhill was after the Roman Church's most cherished model. Even Lingard, Roman Catholic priest as he was, was much too truthful a historian in his entirety. Accordingly a very modiocre abridgment by a Mr. Burke was sub-

stituted. The pious fables which Alban Butler has woven into his "Lives of the Saints" were read during breakfast and supper. I remember well that I believed every tale to be as true as the gospels, and I presume my fellow students thought likewise. We arose at 6 a. m. in Winter, and at 5.30 in Summer, and assisted daily at morning prayers and mass. Such a thing as sickness among the students was never contemplated, and any boy who ran counter to the bishop's desires in this respect was made to shift for himself as best as he could. In fact this college of Summerhill, although really existing in the nineteenth century, was worked after the spirit of the Middle Ages. The fact that it soon died a natural death makes one still hope for Ireland. I remained here during three years and then entered Maynooth. The change, I confess, was an agreeable one, for, although Maynooth was then the select and favorite training ground for the priesthood, its inmates got sufficient food. Maynooth was a world in itself. During six years, with an interval of two months' vacation annually, I was as much separated from the world as if under ground. The very atmosphere is tinged in Maynooth. Entrance to it is like stepping in noonday Summer sunshine into some old Romanesque cathedral, whose small stained windows cast weird, fantastic outlines of saints and anchorites upon the surrounding darkness. A holy and quiet spot, it will be said. Certainly; yet does not the man who elects to pass his life there divorce himself from reality—from God's bright sunshine and the face of heaven—to grope among fantastic spectres? It is still the Middle Ages at Maynooth,

and the scholastics are all in the pride of manhood. Aristotle's logic, veneered slightly by some of the Fathers, is still taught. In the region of metaphysics such men as Des Cartes and Sir William Hamilton are mentioned only to be refuted, while the schoolmen fence and parry to their hearts' content. Aquinas and Bellarmine stand in the front rank of the theological array, somewhat as Hector and Æneas did among the Trojans; while, if some pious fable is needed to point a moral, Alphonsus Liguori is always at hand. Gury, a Roman Jesuit, was also an authority in morals, while his brother Perrone ran riot in the field of dogma. Latin was the only language spoken in class or written on examination papers during the six years of my residence; and really it was not to be wondered at if, at the end of the time, one were tempted to fancy himself a contemporary of Torquemada. There was a week's retreat at the commencement of the scholastic year, during which time the rules forbade speaking. There were shorter retreats before most of the feasts, a day's retreat once a month, confession once a week at least, and lectures and exhortations on religious subjects without number. The books to which the students had access were carefully selected. English literature was represented by the *Dublin Review* and the writers of past and contemporary Maynooth professors. In fact no book under the ban of the Index was ever admitted. The meaning of this was that Maynooth students were perfectly free to hear Rome's case stated by her special pleaders, and then make up their minds as to a verdict. The opposition bar, as well as the opposition witnesses, were sum-

marily marched out of court; for six years the counsel for Rome pleaded and argued, heaping up proof upon proof from Fathers, Councils and Popes. If in after life any of those who sat upon the jury was rash enough to examine for himself, and to declare that he had given a verdict on cooked evidence, Rome gnashed her teeth at him, called him a perjurer and a Judas, and consigned him to everlasting torments. I have often heard men express their astonishment that Maynooth, during its century of existence, has never turned out even one master of English style. The reason is not far to seek. The possession of one of George Eliot's works would have been crime enough to have a student hauled before the Council; and if he was found in possession of "Adam Bede," or the "Mill on the Floss," a second and a third time, he was expelled. Accordingly, whatever smattering of English he might have possessed upon his entrance was soon grafted on the shoot of mediæval Latin, so that the fruit became a "sight to shake the midriff of despair with laughter." As to the spirit engendered at Maynooth, it was one of abject slavery. Independence of thought or action was discouraged, frowned down, denounced. On the contrary, the stolid animal who took kindly to his bit and curb, and paced with docility before the Church chariot, received every mark of approbation and every reward which the college could bestow. Thackeray, in his "Irish Sketch Book," mentions the curious fact that during his Irish tour, with the sole exception of Father Matthew, he did not meet a single priest who looked him straight in the face. I can well conceive it, for Machiavelli

has a shrine at Maynooth, not built of stone, but very real nevertheless, and his evangel is in high repute there. "Navigation" is the name given by Maynooth slang to this science. Under its sway the honest, candid student who would consider it dishonorable to hide anything comes to grief; while the sanctimonious scoundrel, with face expressive as a time-worn tombstone, with eyes fixed upon the ground as if eternally measuring six feet for his grave, with humility personified in his gait and speaking in his voice—he will be a success, not alone in Maynooth, but in his after life as a priest. I shall mention just one other specimen of the Maynooth system, a shrub which does not come to full maturity until transplanted into the various Irish dioceses. I mean the odious practice of employing one student to spy upon another. The dean may be a very idle or a very heedless man, and he may not know the individual students under his charge even by sight. It is quite unnecessary that he should. In every class there will be found half-a-dozen exceedingly pious men—sleek, sweet-tongued parasites—whose chief duty it is to worm themselves into the confidence of their fellows, learn their characteristics, views, habits and the like, and then make them known to the dean. Nay, even anonymous letters are not unwelcome, and of course the system is brought to much greater perfection afterwards when the spy has become a priest, and the dean has been replaced by a bishop. Maynooth lies low. Almost the whole time I spent there I was in wretched health, for its miasmal atmosphere in damp or dull weather is far from invigorating. Nevertheless those six years were happy

enough; happy in the companionship of many who will be always dear to me, and happy especially from the fact that no shadow of doubt had yet crossed my mind. The blind votary of Vishnu who prostrated himself beneath the wheels of Juggernaut felt happy, I have no doubt, even while his bones were being ground to powder by the idol's chariot wheels. He had been born into the belief that this was the highest happiness. He had sucked in the same gospel with his mother's milk. It had accompanied him in every step through life. The hour had come now for showing his faith in Vishnu; so, without a thought, he is down on all fours. Rome has her annual Juggernaut festival in Maynooth, when a hundred young men, or thereabout, go down on all fours, too, on the morning of ordination and solemnly swear before God to bear the Pope upon their backs for the rest of their lives. To be sure the choice is supposed to be a voluntary one. The candidates have arrived at the years of discretion. No person is forced. Of course not; yet we have seen how the opposition have been driven out of court; how Rome, along with a special pleader, calls to her aid family influence, ignorant prejudice, deceit, nay, unblushing falsehood; for, as we shall see by-and-by, the books by whose aid the young ecclesiastic is expected to make up his mind bristle with falsehoods on every page. On that morning, the 20th of June, 1880, when I first donned the chasuble of Rome, I gloried in my character. Was not Roman Catholicism the genuine Apostolical religion leading up link by link in unbroken succession to Jesus Christ? Had I not satisfied myself by public and

private reading that she was the true spouse of the Lamb, and did I not long for the time to come when I might break a lance with those blind and wicked men who opposed her? I really believed it was so, and, although in extremely bodily weakness, I left forever my *alma mater* in extraordinary spiritual strength.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHRIST'S MISSION.

The building fund is growing at the rate of about \$100 per month. At this rate our readers can figure for themselves how old we will be when the needed sum—\$30,000—is raised. We hope to take some practical steps next month towards getting the various departments of this work for the conversion of Roman Catholics into one building. If we can rent such a building with the privilege of purchasing when the funds will warrant such a course, we shall enter it this Fall. Meantime let all help who can.

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Will "Put a Stop" to Us.

Copies of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC sent to Roman Catholics undoubtedly do good. We have daily evidence of this. Evidence of another kind is furnished by such a communication as the following, written on a postal card, August 2, 1889:

MR. O'CONNOR:—I have received several copies of your book, THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. I have read them carefully and see plainly you do not know what you are talking about. If you do not cease this annoyance I shall be obliged to put a stop to Mr. O'Connor.

EDW. J. BROPHY, S. R. C.
119 E. 22d st., New York.

FATHER CONNELLAN'S WORK IN IRELAND.

[From the Dublin "Christian Irishman,"
July, 1889.]

WE have given a considerable portion of our space to the case of Father Connellan which is now attracting so much attention. There are two things worthy of notice in connection with his history. In the first place—whether intentionally or not we cannot say—when leaving the Church of Rome he secured his own obituary testimonials while he was yet a living man, and before the suspicion of heresy attached to his name. Any one who knows the implacable hostility with which the authorities of the Church of Rome seek to defame the character of seceders from that Church, and especially of clerical seceders, will duly estimate the importance of this circumstance. "He endeared himself," said the *Roscommon Messenger* on the occasion of his supposed drowning, "to every one, especially the poor, and was with all classes a general favorite."

The other circumstance to which we allude is, that Father Connellan has not, now that he has returned to Ireland, connected himself with any of the Protestant Churches. He has, it would appear, intimated that he intends to hold himself aloof from any of the church organizations. There are doubtless some Protestants who, because of this decision, might be led to question the sincerity of his convictions. But we entirely differ from their judgment. He will exercise greater influence among his countrymen by keeping himself free, in the mean time, from all church complications.

The struggle of the churches is one of the great curses of Ireland.

Bible Protestantism is being caricatured before the people by the arrogant claims of a semi-Popish ecclesiasticism. There is nothing that Irishmen need to learn more than this—that salvation is not in any sense or degree confined to any of our churches, and that no outward organization, Catholic or Protestant, has any right to set itself up as *the Church of God* in this land. The Church of God is the church of believers; it consists of those, and only of those, who rest their trust exclusively upon Him for salvation. It is a small thing whether or not they join any of our Protestant communities if they will only give up confidence in the creature and build all their hopes upon the infinite merits of the great Saviour.

We are persuaded that the supposed necessity of "proselytism," in the sense of joining the membership of the churches, has more than anything else hindered any general movement of the Irish people towards spiritual liberty. Let them keep away from churches if they like. Let them form a church of their own if they like. If they take the Book of God for their guide their credentials will be as good as those of any of us. And holding these opinions, which we do strongly, we are gratified that this remarkable man, whom God seems to be raising up for a great work at a most solemn crisis of our national history, should be able to say that, though he has felt constrained to leave the Church of Rome, he follows neither Cranmer, Knox or Wesley. Some people think that Ireland needs nothing else than a reformation from Popery. Let us take care that, in many important respects, there is not also needed a reformation from many things in our existing Protestantism.

THE CHURCH OF ROME NOT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

BY PAUL LE CLAIR.

XVII.

The Sacrament of Matrimony.

1. The fifth sacramental imposture of Rome is that of *Matrimony*, which is defined "A sacrament which gives grace to the husband and wife to live happily together, and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God."

2. Now, if all this were true then it ought to follow that the marriage relation constituted by a Roman priest should be attended with a degree of peculiar conjugal happiness and parental fidelity, not to be found and not possible in the experience of marriages celebrated by non-Romanish ministers or other persons.

3. Now, who is prepared to believe this palpable contradiction of fact? For it is not true that Roman families are, as such, happier than those holding another religious faith.* It is not true that Roman parents possess a peculiar and exclusive grace in the pious training of children. And neither is it true that non-Roman families are, as such, destitute of conjugal happiness; and it is not true that the parents of such families are all destitute of grace and skill and fidelity in the pious education of their children. Every body knows that conjugal happiness and parental fidelity to children depend on conditions totally different from any pretended grace imparted in the marriage ceremony by the man that performs

the rite. But apart from the argument from fact and experience so decidedly against the superiority of Roman marriages, the marriage ceremony and the marriage contract itself are both equally and totally destitute of all elements, forms and significance of a sacrament.

4. But what saith the Scriptures on the subject of marriage? The marriage relation of the sexes was instituted in Paradise. The marriage ceremony was there performed, not by a priest of Rome, but by the grace of the great God Himself, the Author of the institution. And this institution and that of the Sabbath, ordained in Paradise, and intended for all mankind, were the only two that survived the great calamity of the fall. The marriage relation has prevailed universally. "They were marrying and giving in marriage when Noah entered the Ark." And since the flood, universally by all except the Church of Rome, marriage is esteemed "honorable in all."* (Heb. xiii: 4.)

5. Now, although in the Scriptures marriage is held in the highest esteem, there is not a word on the subject of any special ceremony to be observed in its celebration. On that subject the widest liberty was granted to man; and in the exercise of that liberty they have adopted their own marriage customs. But what soever marriage cere-

* Unless, indeed, the Romanists find greater felicity in the pleasant consciousness that all their family affairs—even their own most intimate personal relations—are always subject to the investigation of a third party—an outsider—the prurient questions in the Confessional.

* But in the strange perversity of Rome celibacy is exalted as a holier state than that of matrimony; and yet the former, although requiring for its maintenance special gifts and graces, is not accounted a sacrament.

mony may have prevailed among the heathen and among the Israelites there is no account in the Scriptures of a marriage having been performed in a place of worship with religious rites or by a minister of religion. To God's people no divine law was given for the celebration of matrimonial rites. And no priesthood but that of Rome ever had the audacity to claim supreme and exclusive lordship over the marriage relation to unite and dissolve it at pleasure.

6. If marriage is a sacrament instituted by the Lord Jesus Christ, where is the Scriptural record of it? The occasion of the marriage at Cana—John II.—presented a fine opportunity for something to be said on the subject; but although the Master was graciously present, and kindly supplemented the entertainment for the guests, yet nothing is recorded as then said on the subject of "marriage as a sacrament of His Church." And no such record is to be found in the whole Bible.

7. It is true, indeed, that the Scriptures speak of God's relation to His redeemed people, and that of the Lord Jesus to His Church, as a marriage relation in its purity, affection and perpetuity; but when they so speak they mean, not human matrimony, but the "great mystery" of the eternal covenant of grace and redemption. (Isa. LIV: 5; Jer. III: 15; Hos. II: 19-20; Eph. V: 29-34.) Then, reciprocally, the Apostle takes occasion to exhort "husbands to love their wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it." And "as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands." While, therefore, there is

no "sacramental mystery" in matrimony, "nevertheless let every husband in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband." (Eph. V: 33.) Attention to these Apostolic exhortations without the intervention of priestly marriage rites will, by divine grace, secure domestic happiness infinitely greater than any that has ever flowed from Rome's pretended "Sacrament of Matrimony."

8. The Church of Christ, then, satisfied with the two sacraments of her Lord's appointment—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—acquiesces most cheerfully in Rome's monopoly of her own inventions—the five: confirmation, penance, extreme unction, orders and matrimony, to be worked for all they are worth. And they are profitable; for it is "by this craft she has her wealth."

9. But in the Church of Christ wealth acquired by such means would be an abomination not to be tolerated; for on the supposition that her ministers in administering sacramental rites either actually imparted the gifts of the Holy Ghost, or merely pretended to do so, and then received a fee for such service, they would be guilty of the ecclesiastical crime of *Simony*. (Acts XVIII: 23.)

But that which would be sacrilege in Christ's Church may be fair and legitimate traffic in the Church of "His Holiness." *Caveat Roma.*

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WE HOPE FATHER McGLYNN'S LECTURE on "The Public Schools and their Enemies" will be widely read. Copies can be had at this office at two cents each; 500 copies for \$6.00, and 1,000 copies for \$10.00.

Death-Bed Consolations.

I. BRAHMINISM.

A thoughtful Hindoo lay on his bed of death. As he saw himself about to plunge into the dark future he cried out, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said a Brahmin that stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where shall I go then?" The Brahmin replied, "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on through thousands of years." Darting across this vast period as though it were but an instant the dying man demanded: "And where, last of all?" Brahminism could not answer, and the dying heathen departed without an answer to the momentous question: "And where, last of all?"

II. ROMANISM.

[The Testimony of a Converted Priest]

Rev. Mr. Delaney, once a priest of Rome, said to the writer: "One of the chief considerations which induced me to renounce Romanism was my ability in that system to administer true consolation in the hour of death. A dying parishioner, wasted by disease, would, in deep anxiety, ask me of the future. I would reply: 'Your unremitted sins require expiation before you can be admitted into heaven. Your soul must be cleansed and purified before God and Christ can receive you into Their holy presence.'" "But, father, have I not received absolution and the last sacrament of the Church?" "My son, be not deceived; the sacraments of the Church avail only for the sins you have confessed. All that you may have forgotten or omitted at confession during your whole life, of which the Church knows nothing, still stand against you. From these you

can be purified only in the cleansing fires of purgatory." Then, as the shadow of death settled on the pallid, despairing brow, the husky, tremulous voice would ask: "Oh, father, how long?" "Son, I cannot tell. But be comforted; the Church with her requiem masses will aid you to the utmost; your friends will pray for you, and if they have the means may procure indulgences in your behalf."

And thus a poor departing soul, if, indeed, a child of God, would be defrauded of his gracious inheritance—the consolation of Christ in the dying hour—or, if still an unconverted sinner, trusting to a refuge of lies, to discover when too late the dread reality.

"I felt," said the ex-priest, "that in any case the dying should have better instruction and more solid consolation than any that may be found in *post mortem* prayers, masses, indulgences and the cleansing efficacy of purgatorial fire."

But that most appropriate and grateful consolation is found neither in Brahminism nor in Romanism; for they are both impotent to console either a dying saint nor a dying sinner.

J. P. C.

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Gifts for Father Damien.

The New York *Catholic Review*, June 9, 1889, says the Sacred Heart Convent; 49 West Seventeenth street, New York, "strode to assist Father Damien in his endeavors to render the lepers as happy and comfortable as possible." Accordingly the good Sisters sent a large case, which was well filled with pieces of flannel, blankets, clothing, etc., as well as rosaries, medals, scapulars, indulgenced crucifixes, etc.

FATHER LAMBERT, THE PRIEST WHO WENT TO ROME.

A LECTURE BY REV. DR. MC GLYNN, IN COOPER UNION, N. Y., SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been announced to speak to you this evening on the subject, "Father Lambert, a priest who went to Rome, and what he got there." People have frequently asked, "Why didn't Dr. McGlynn go to Rome?"

Some of these good people when they talk thus conjure up before my fancy an almost ludicrous scene. I find it a little difficult not almost to laugh in their faces. They would seem to imagine that all I should have to do would be to go to Rome and knock at the door of the Vatican, and the Pope would say, "Who's there?" and the housekeeper or some lackey would go up and say, "Holy Father, its Dr. McGlynn" (laughter), and he would say, "Send him up," and Dr. McGlynn would come up, and if he did not find the Pope and the Cardinals actually in counsel it would be arranged that the next day or so there would be a meeting, at which Dr. McGlynn should tell the whole story, and their eminences would begin to wag their heads and say, "After all, he's all right; there's nothing heretical in that."

This is a most ridiculous caricature of what would have taken place. It is entirely probable that if I had gone to Rome and remained walking the streets of Rome for years and years waiting for tardy justice, I should never be permitted to go near enough to the Pope even to speak to him; or if I should be permitted it would only be to receive from him a philippic of scolding and abuse. He would presume that he knew all about it; he would not tolerate a word of explana-

tion; he would simply revile me and order me to go home and do penance for the insolent scandal that I had been giving by my most extraordinary disobedience. But it is quite possible that the Pope would say that to me only by proxy.

FATHER LAMBERT'S CASE.

I have been in Rome; I lived in Rome for nine years. I have been a little behind the scenes, and I speak with considerable knowledge of what I am talking about. This case of Father Lambert comes as a very appropriate illustration, confirmative of some of the things that I have said. Who is Father Lambert? Father Lambert is an exceptional man. He is a man of rare integrity of character, of singular intellectual abilities. He is a theologian, a man of fine literary taste and a student who has availed himself of the leisure that others have given to recreation by devoting his time to study and to writing. He established a newspaper in the town of which he was the pastor. He has published several excellent works, one of them called a "Thesaurus Biblicus," being a treasury of quotations from the Holy Scriptures. He has won esteem by a most excellent tempered book in answer to some of the strictures of Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll on the Scriptures, on the Christian religion and on religion in general. Father Lambert in that book treats Col. Ingersoll with the courtesy that is due him, but at the same time with a wit and humor that rivel those of the Colonel.

Father Lambert was born in America, in one of our Western States, some

fifty years ago. From his early youth he sought to dedicate himself to the service of God. He was ordained for the diocese of Alton, Illinois, in the year 1859. Shortly afterwards when our Civil War broke out his zeal for his country induced him to enlist as a captain in the Union Army. (Applause.) He served faithfully, I shall not say his country, so much as his God. He came back after the war with health impaired, and in order to gratify his natural love for retirement he desired to become a member of the religious community that was founded in our own city by the late Father Isaac T. Hecker. He obtained the necessary permission from his bishop, who parted from him with regret. After staying with the Paulist fathers for a year he was received into the Rochester diocese by Bishop McQuaid and appointed pastor of Waterloo, where he remained pastor till last year, when he was removed by Bishop McQuaid and not assigned to any other position in the diocese of Rochester. It was because of this removal from Waterloo that Father Lambert went to Rome.

Now, why did Bishop McQuaid remove him? He had been there nearly twenty years, and had served that parish most faithfully. His removal shocked the public sentiment. Municipal officers, journalists, Protestants, Catholics, all equally sent up a cry of dismay at the calamity that had befallen them. Seven hundred Catholics—I suppose everybody that could scratch his name—man, woman and child, in the parish of Waterloo petitioned the Propoganda to restore to them their beloved pastor. Numerous priests in other dioceses testified di-

rectly to Rome their high esteem for the man. The municipal authorities petitioned Rome, an almost unheard of thing, I suppose, in the history of the church in the United States—they petitioned Rome not to permit this excellent citizen to be removed from the position of usefulness which he was occupying in their midst.

Why did Bishop McQuaid remove such a man from the people? I will allow you to judge for yourselves after I shall have narrated certain facts for you.

Father Lambert is a more learned man than Bishop McQuaid. He is a man whom nine-tenths of the priests of Rochester, if they could have their way to-morrow, would sooner have for bishop than his lordship the Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid. The fact is, that the priests of Rochester hadn't anything to say in the matter of the appointment of the aforesaid prelate. I may add a little comment upon that. Isn't it an outrage that here in America, very near the end of this nineteenth century, bishops should be elected with almost despotic power over the person and everything but the inmost thought of priests and people, with almost absolute control of vast ecclesiastical properties, with the right to dispose of such properties, with the despotic authority to remove people at pleasure without consulting anybody? Isn't it a singular thing that bishops should be elected by four or five gentlemen who get together in a room some place here in New York and agree upon a list of names and send those names to Rome, and some old gentleman in Rome, who hardly knows whether Rochester is in the State of New York or in the State of Alabama,

who would pronounce it Ro-kes-tare, and who would call the bishop Macquaide, would practically have everything to say about the choice of the Bishop of Rochester. The clergy had nothing to say about it.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Just after this man was appointed he came in to see me at the pastoral residence in Twenty-ninth street before he was consecrated bishop. Well, I being the reverend kind of person that I am, felt a certain respect for him and said, "I congratulate you or condole with you, whatever is proper under the circumstances," and he said, "Well, I appreciate your sentiments and I thank you, but there's one thing anyhow," said he, "I am not afraid to be a bishop." Well, I thought I remembered having read in ecclesiastical history of other men, very great men, whose names are generally printed now with a big capital S before them, and others with a big G after their name, such as St. Gregory the Great and St. Leo and St. Augustine, and they were all very much afraid to be bishops and had all to be almost coerced into accepting the burden of the episcopate. But this man said, "There's one thing anyhow, I'm not afraid to be a bishop." He could not in fewer words have written himself down utterly unfit to be a bishop. (Applause.) "And," said he, "there came a man the other day from Rochester to Seton Hall College to find out what kind of a man I was, and I told him to go back to Rochester and say to the clergy and people that there was to be but one bishop in Rochester, and I was to be that one." It would improve his beauty immensely to poke his "I" out. Now, perhaps,

you begin to guess why Bishop McQuaid didn't like Father Lambert.

Father Lambert was publishing a weekly Catholic paper in the town of Waterloo, and one of the grave offenses that he committed was in a not very severe criticism, not of the Bishop of Rochester, but of the bishop of another diocese. It would seem that this bishop had allowed a poor unfortunate priest who had become insane to go to the county poor house. Father Lambert, in his paper, dared to criticise this action and say that the priest should not have been allowed to go to the poor house. Well, the bishop did not like Father Lambert any the better for that, and finally Father Lambert, to avoid trouble, gave up his paper by transferring the ownership and control of it to the owners of the Catholic paper published in Buffalo.

These bishops are very fond of speaking of their cathedral, diocese and clergy, as my cathedral, my diocese and my clergy. I have some times felt like saying, "Your clergy, eh? How much did you pay them?" (Applause.) I can afford these gentlemen advice now because I am not in terror of them; they cannot suspend me any more than I am suspended. They cannot excommunicate me any more than I am excommunicated. And all of them together with the Sacred College of Cardinals and the most Holy Father, the Pope, at their head cannot take me away from God (great applause) except with my consent, and I pray the Lord to keep me in His holy keeping and never permit my will to swerve from His, and if I but cling to Him I fear the face of no man. (Applause.) It is a sad thing for any man to fear the face of a man almost

more than the displeasure of his God, and if some little troubles have come to me, I assure you that I find no small compensation in the fact that I am able to pace this platform a free man, having no restraint but my duty as a man and a citizen to my country, to my creed and to my God. (Applause.)

Bishop McQuaid wrote a brutal, acrimonious letter in criticism of this Catholic paper, the organ and the property of the excellent Bishop of Buffalo. It was signed "A Catholic." Father Lambert was requested by the editor of that paper to answer this anonymous communication. He sent his answer to the paper in which the communication had been published, and the paper refused to publish it. And Father Lambert's criticism was published in another paper. Father Lambert didn't know that Bishop McQuaid was the author of that letter; it was an anonymous one. Father Lambert said something like this: "If the writer of this letter is a man of family he had better take care of his wife and children and leave theology to the clergy." And among other clever things Father Lambert designated this anonymous writer as a "tartuffe," meaning a sort of hypocrite, borrowing a name from a comedy of Mollere. Shortly after that time began a new kind of persecution. Father Lambert was told that he must not exercise his ministry outside of his own little parish; he was practically suspended outside of the parish of Waterloo, an unheard of thing in the whole history of the Catholic Church. You know the clergy has an excellent habit of going once or twice a year to the retreat, but Father Lambert was neither invited

nor permitted to go to the retreat. It is the custom for the clergy in the different dioceses to attend theological conferences four times a year. The bishop's secretary wrote to Father Lambert that he was dispensed from attending, and he replied, "I shall attend unless the bishop positively forbids me;" and the reply came, "The bishop instructs me to say that he positively forbids you to attend the conference." How these Catholics love one another. (Applause.)

It got to be so that if any prudent man did not wish to be nagged at and persecuted by this Bishop of Rochester he was obliged to have nothing to do with this horrible enemy of the bishop, this man Lambert. It went so far that on festive occasions it would not do to invite Father Lambert to be present if the bishop was to be there.

The Rev. Father Hughes, some few years ago, celebrated the twentyfifth anniversary of his ordination, and Father Lambert in congratulating him wrote a couple of lines called a distich, and a priest who was present at the banquet said, "My good friend, Father Lambert, has sent a little distich, which I shall read." "What's that! what's that!" said the bishop from the end of the table. "It's a little distich from Father Lambert." "No, no, no, sir; nothing from Father Lambert." (Laughter.)

The bishop said that he limited Father Lambert's faculties to Waterloo parish because he—Father Lambert—had called his bishop a "tartuffe." Afterward, at a meeting with the bishop on a business matter, the bishop said to Father Lambert, "I see no sign of contrition in your face," and Father

Lambert asked the bishop what he had done, and the bishop said, "You criticised me because of my letter to the Buffalo paper." Father Lambert was surprised and said he didn't know who the author was, adding, "Do you inform me now, Bishop McQuaid, that you are the author of that scandalous letter denouncing the venerable Bishop of Buffalo?" "Yes, sir; and you knew that I was the author." "I did not know it before, and I am very sorry to learn it from your own lips now." Well, Father Lambert was not allowed to go to Rome, but when he heard this special charge made against him that he was persecuted for having called an anonymous writer a "tartuffe," then he thought he had a fair case to present to Rome, and he wrote asking them to protect him from the persecution of the bishop.

AT ROME.

This is what Father Lambert went to Rome for, and it took them about eight months to settle his case, and to make a pretense of something like fairness it was advertised that Father Lambert had gained a point. What was that point he had gained after eight months in Rome and spending \$2,000 or \$3,000 in hotel and traveling expenses and in seeing ecclesiastical lawyers? The point was that it was finally decided: "Well, yes, you do belong to the diocese of Rochester." Rev. Father Lambert now devoutly wishes, no doubt, that he did not belong to the diocese of Rochester. The bishop went to Rome at the same time with Father Lambert and at once saw that Father Lambert would be recognized as belonging to the diocese of Rochester, and therefore bent all his energies to make sure of his transfer

from Waterloo. It was decided in order to maintain the dignity of the bishop that he had a perfect right to remove Father Lambert from his parish, and that the latter must make what they call his submission, must go through some humiliation. And so I suppose they really want to force him to express his great regret for having called the anonymous writer a "tartuffe."

AN AGGRAVATION OF OUTRAGE.

Since his return it would seem that Father Lambert had decided to make what they call a submission. I suppose, for the sake of peace, he is willing to express, in diplomatic language, his regret if he has done anything to displease the bishop, and Father Lambert, I am sure, by this time is sorry that he went to Rome. If he had not he might have lived and died pastor of Waterloo, suspended in all the rest of the diocese, but still remaining with his own dear people. That is what he got by going to Rome. He got simply an aggravation of outrage and insult. It is such things as these that are the ruin of the Catholic Church, the identifying of these things with the political ambitions and diplomacies of an ecclesiastical machine. The result of this Lambert case will be to stop the mouths of hundreds and thousands of people all over the United States who had been saying, "Why didn't Dr. McGlynn go to Rome?" There is no expectation that I would have got anything like a decent hearing in Rome. I would be expected to make all sorts of apologies and retractions which I could not make and which, if I did make, I would prove myself utterly unworthy of esteem and approval. These ecclesiastical machinists are

quite capable of asking a man to sign a paper which he protests to be a lie.

Why didn't Dr. McGlynn go to Rome? Because he was simply a parish priest, and a poor priest is despised only a little less by Papal Rome than he is despised and hated by radical, revolutionary Rome. To be a mere priest is a title of contempt with these gentry. "Why isn't he a secretary or a professor, or why isn't he in the diplomatic career or doing something, anything but preaching Christ or administering His sacraments?" A smart young Roman would not be such a fool as to get himself to be promoted to be a parish priest, because he would be simply shelved. He would enter the diplomatic career and try to be under secretary of some monsignor. Such men can scarcely describe their contempt for the poor, wretched priest. And those are friends of the Pope; those are his lackeys; those are his servitors, the men who have the distinguished honor of being tail-bearers to some Cardinal—*caudatarii*, men who are permitted to carry the Cardinal's train, three or four yards of magnificent red silk; a pretty use to put the hands consecrated to offer the holy sacrifice. (Applause.)

THE ECCLESIASTICAL CHESSBOARD.

We, poor fools, American Catholics, Irish Catholics and German Catholics, are all mere playthings of this accursed diplomacy of that ecclesiastical machine. (Applause.) You are only so many pawns upon the political chessboard, not merely of the poor old Pope, who half the time himself is but the plaything of those about him and of these men who are sacrificing the spiritual interest of the people everywhere to their wretched diplomacy,

the most important part of which today is the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

It is not the Church of Christ we have to deal, it is with an accursed political machine, with a sort of demon that has taken possession of the fair body of the Church of Christ, and this demon must be exercised. We have no quarrel with the Church of Christ. We have a quarrel with a machine to which we owe no reverence, and we are justified in doing what we can to drive that machine into decency.

The Catholic people everywhere should refuse to send a penny to Rome to maintain that accursed machine. They should rise up and demand that as they have to bear all the burdens they shall have representation in the choice of their bishops, and that they shall have most to say about the raising of money and the spending of money. (Applause.)

I am hoping and praying that the Pope will go to Spain, because I believe that if ever he does go away from Rome he will never go back with one-tenth of the pomp with which he is surrounded in Rome to-day. The greatest blessing that could happen for the Catholic Church would be if Christ, by some extraordinary miracle, should send to that chair of Peter a man entirely after his own heart, who would spend many years in doing a work of destruction, in smashing and reducing to powder beyond the power of reconstruction nine-tenths of all the lumber that the Church of Christ has contracted and carried with her through the ages of Roman imperialism and mediæval barbarism and feudalism. (Applause.)

LITERARY NOTICE.

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KIND WORDS.
From the Chicago *Free Methodist*,
August 7, 1889:

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is a monthly magazine devoted to two objects: First—To lift up Jesus before the people called Romanists so that they may really believe on Him to the saving of their souls. Second—To expose the false assumptions, intrigues and anti-Christian practices of the Roman priesthood; for it is through the clergy of this Church that the ignorant laity are misled, deceived and deluded into accepting lifeless, spiritless forms instead of real salvation. This magazine should be read by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. The August number is filled with interesting articles